

HYMN XVIII.

Of "her Phantasy.

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E XQUISITE curiosity ! L ook on
thyselF, with judging eye ! I f
ought be faulty, leave it ! S o
delicate a Phantasy A s this,
will straight perceive it,
B ecause her temper is so fine,
E ndued with harmonies
divine; T herefore if discord
strike it, H er true
proportions do repine., A
nd sadly do mi&like it.
R ight otherwise, a pleasure sweet,,
E ver she takes in actions meet,
G racing with smiles such
meetness :
I n her fair forehead beams
appear,
N o Summer's day is half so clear !
A domed with half that sweetness !

HYMN XIX. *Of*

the Organs of her Mind.

E CLIPvSED She is, and her
bright rays L ie under veils ; yet
many ways I s her fair form
revealed ! S he diversely
herself conveys, A nd cannot be
concealed.
B y instruments, her powers
appear E xceedingly well tuned
and clear ! T his Lute is still in
measure, H olds still in tune,
even like a sphere, A nd yields
the world sweet pleasure!
R esolve me, Muse ! how this
thing is ? E ver a body like to
this, G ave heaven to earthly
creature ? I am but fond this
doubt to make ! N o doubt, the
angels, bodies take A bove our
common nature !